

GREENWOOD'S FAMOUS GRAVES

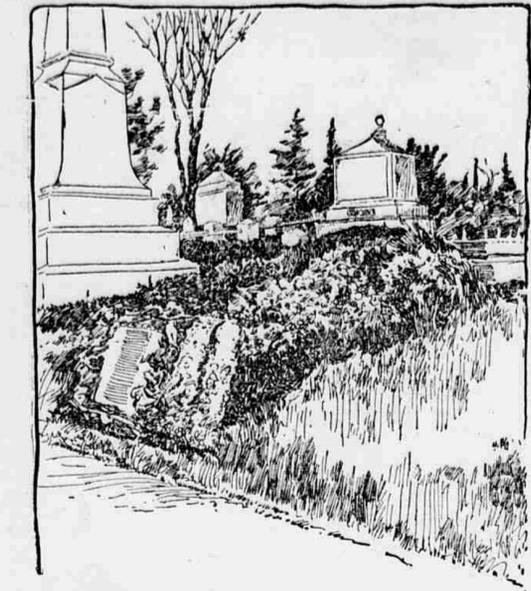
A Stroll Through the Roads of New York's Celebrated Cemetery.

RESTING PLACES OF NOTED PEOPLE

Billy Florence's Well-Kep Grave—Where Henry Ward Beecher, "Sunset" Cox and John Roach Sleep—Henry George's Monument.

With all the imposing resting places for the dead that have grown up about New York within the past twenty-five years, it is with Greenwood cemetery that the mortuary feature of the great city is always associated.

In years gone by, say forty, when in the little town of what was then the west, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, the man who had "been to New York" was a person of mark in the community.



HENRY GEORGE'S RESTING PLACE.

When he returned: "Did you visit Greenwood cemetery?" Not that there was the remotest doubt about it. It was only a conventional form of general inquiry.

Visiting Greenwood cemetery was a part of going to New York. It was a duty which every substantial American citizen who went to the metropolis owed to himself and his family.

Those days have gone by now. Barrow and his glittering glories only palely illumine dim corners in the memory of a generation all but passed away.

Times have changed and manners have changed. The itinerary of pleasure travel does not take in cemeteries quite so rigorously as it did in days gone by.

But the country visitors are still faithful to Greenwood. They take the carriages at the gate as their fathers did before them. They might be the same carriage and the same drivers, but there is a change there in them.

Through winding drives and the haunts before the tombs are not quite the same. Another generation of illustrious dead has taken up its abode in Greenwood since the citizen of forty years ago made his decorous tour of the beautiful necropolis.

The driver is alert to these changes. He knows the latest popular fancies in mortuary ramblings. There are fads in graveyard visiting as in other things.

And where does he take you first? It used to be straight to Charlotte Lande's tomb. Now he turns to the left, after you pass through the stately entrance, and through a winding drive and up a gentle ascent, reaches a plot where curving border comes down to the very edge of the driveway.

Like the grave of Sunset Cox, the grave of Henry Ward Beecher has a sharp pitch down the hillside on which it is made, as though the beauty of the wide sweep of landscape which stretches away to the south might be poured upon it—a wide radiant sweep of thickly scattered groves and blue distance such as Beecher, in his keen love of all that was beautiful of earth, would have delighted to behold.

Quite close to the grave of Henry Ward Beecher. Like the grave of Sunset Cox, the grave of Henry Ward Beecher has a sharp pitch down the hillside on which it is made, as though the beauty of the wide sweep of landscape which stretches away to the south might be poured upon it—a wide radiant sweep of thickly scattered groves and blue distance such as Beecher, in his keen love of all that was beautiful of earth, would have delighted to behold.

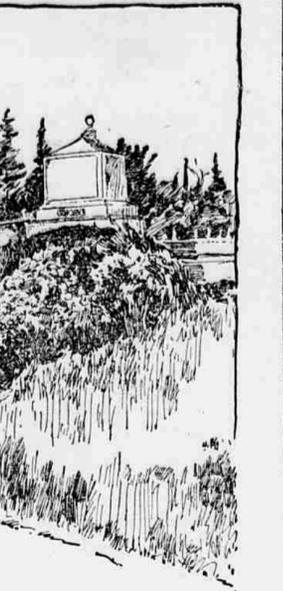
name which, perhaps, is now and then remembered in these days when the navy is so prominent. For it was the navy, the navy, that virtually killed poor old John Roach. And the boat that put the last drop of bitterness in the old man's cup and sent him down to the grave quite heartbroken was that same Dolphin, now so conspicuous as a dispatch bearer in the war.

Graves of Notables.

He sleeps there in Greenwood now, but a little way from Florence's grave. The visitors are all guided to the spot because on the top of the shaft which rises from the center of the lot there is a noted sculptured figure; "Memory" it is called, and its face is illumined with a radiance at once so bright and so touching that it haunts you for many a day after you have looked upon it.

Winding still away to the left, you stop, and must get out of the carriage and climb a sharp ascent to reach the grave under a broad spreading tree near the top of the hill, which the driver points out to you. There is a bright border of pansies all about its edge, and it is almost as heavily furnished with fresh flowers as is the grave of Florence.

"Samuel Sullivan Cox" is the name you read upon the plain tombstone, "Tonerville,



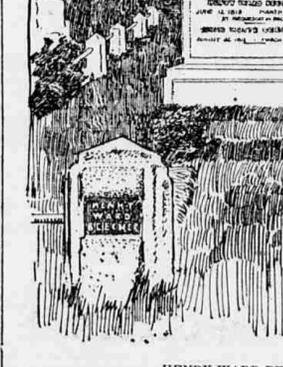
HENRY WARD BEECHER'S GRAVE.

O, Sept. 30, 1824; New York City, Sept. 10, 1883.

So it is "Sunset" Cox's grave, the man whom Senator Carlisle, in a recent remembrance mood, said was the wisest man in congress in his time. And he is still fresh in somebody's memory, for the flowers, the driver says, are always renewed.

Very suggestive of the hill on which towers Garfield's tomb in Lakeview cemetery, Cleveland, is the hill whereon Henry George sleeps—the same green stretch of wooded fields, the same blue boundary of water horizon.

And physically not unlike in type were the two men, Garfield and George. Great, dome-like foreheads, Auburn tint of beard and



"BILLY" FLORENCE'S NOTABLE MONUMENT.

quite close to the grave of Henry Ward Beecher. Like the grave of Sunset Cox, the grave of Henry Ward Beecher has a sharp pitch down the hillside on which it is made, as though the beauty of the wide sweep of landscape which stretches away to the south might be poured upon it—a wide radiant sweep of thickly scattered groves and blue distance such as Beecher, in his keen love of all that was beautiful of earth, would have delighted to behold.



"BILLY" FLORENCE'S NOTABLE MONUMENT.

hair, thickest and deep-chested, with the vigor born of hard manual labor in youth and early manhood. Both were orators, and both dreamers in a way; only in Garfield's mental composition there was more of color and music and poetry than in that of George. From Ocean Hill you wind down until you are in Cypress avenue, and here, in front of lot No. 24,183 the driver stops. The lot is notable, not for any one who sleeps there, but for one who still walks the earth under the shadow of a great crime, and of a tragedy which made the nation mourn. There is a marble monument in the center of the lot, and on it you read the name of "Ward." On the little post by the edge of the driveway you read "Ferdinand Ward." It is a grim relic of the Grant and Ward riot in stolen money, this imposing mortuary abode. There is but one grave monument in it, that of the heart-broken wife whose weary feet followed the wretched little wanderer up to the very walls of the prison, and then found their rest to Greenwood, where they knew peace and rest at last.

the great preacher. Hundreds of visitors from afar come to see the grave, and visit both it and the lot wherein it lies have somehow an unkempt, disheveled look. It reminds you in some ways of the weedy grave of Washington Irving in the Steeply Hollow cemetery at Tarrytown. Not that there is the slightest likeness of detail—only one of those general suggestive resemblances so hard to define.

And sleeping by Beecher's side is the faithful wife, who clung to him so loyally in all those awful days of his ordeal, and, as you read the inscriptions on the plain, thick granite headstones, you notice this, that Henry Ward Beecher died March 8, 1887, and that Eunice White Beecher died March 8, 1887—just ten years to a day between the death of one and the death of the other.

And not a dozen steps away, to the east, and still on the sharp slope of the hillside, you come to another coincidence of date. "Belinda E. Tracy," you read on one tombstone. "Died at Washington, D. C., February 8, 1890." And on another, close beside it, and exactly like it, you read: "Mary F. Tracy. Died at Washington, D. C., February 8, 1890."

Mother and daughter, wife and daughter of Benjamin F. Tracy, who was secretary of the navy when that fatal piano lamp caught fire and spread the havoc which resulted in those two graves there side by side. One of the awful tragedies of official Washington were those burning to death of this mother and daughter.

Where Beecher Sleeps.

Towering up above you in the summit of this Ocean Hill, where Beecher sleeps; you have always before you the great square tower in the building of which John W. Mackay has tried to give expression to the sorrow which fell upon him like a blow from a clear sky when his young son of whom he was so fond was thrown from his horse and killed while hunting in France only a few years ago. It always will be one of the sights of Greenwood, and the drivers have already got its salient features and the fact that it cost \$300,000 incorporated in their perambulatory lecture.

But it will always be to a grave a few rods away that the visitors for years to come will turn with not only more interest, but something of a sense of personal sorrow and bereavement. It is Henry George's grave, and there was something in his tragic death, while fighting for political honor and purity, so consistent with his own honest earnestness of character, that his grave has become even now a sort of sacred spot which hundreds go to look upon.

It is quite on the crest of the hill, with before it, the same noble stretch of wooded fields seen from Beecher's grave, and reaching far away until the blue rim of the sea itself defines the far horizon beyond Conny Island. Before the summer is over a noble monument will mark the spot. The workmen were digging down deep into the ground for its foundation when it was there, so deep that the rusty riveted iron box in which the casket of the dead orator rests peered out of the crumbling sand at the workmen's feet—all that is left of Henry George.

I could not but think of a scene once in Cooper union, when just the physical presence on the platform of the city that is in that hideous box there had set thousands of men delirious with enthusiasm, shouting, cheering, throwing hats, canes, umbrellas, everything in their hands into the air, until above their heads was a tossing sea of such litter as might have been left on the surface of the water had a summer excursion steamer suddenly gone to the bottom.

Very suggestive of the hill on which towers Garfield's tomb in Lakeview cemetery, Cleveland, is the hill whereon Henry George sleeps—the same green stretch of wooded fields, the same blue boundary of water horizon.

And physically not unlike in type were the two men, Garfield and George. Great, dome-like foreheads, Auburn tint of beard and



HENRY WARD BEECHER'S GRAVE.

hair, thickest and deep-chested, with the vigor born of hard manual labor in youth and early manhood. Both were orators, and both dreamers in a way; only in Garfield's mental composition there was more of color and music and poetry than in that of George. From Ocean Hill you wind down until you are in Cypress avenue, and here, in front of lot No. 24,183 the driver stops. The lot is notable, not for any one who sleeps there, but for one who still walks the earth under the shadow of a great crime, and of a tragedy which made the nation mourn.

There is a marble monument in the center of the lot, and on it you read the name of "Ward." On the little post by the edge of the driveway you read "Ferdinand Ward." It is a grim relic of the Grant and Ward riot in stolen money, this imposing mortuary abode. There is but one grave monument in it, that of the heart-broken wife whose weary feet followed the wretched little wanderer up to the very walls of the prison, and then found their rest to Greenwood, where they knew peace and rest at last.

Beneficial Effects of Coffee.

A woman writer who gave up coffee recently found that she was unable to continue her writing with any success until she had resorted again to the stimulating beverage. Without it her mind was foggy and heavy. The subject of the article is authority on the subject of prescribing coffee as a medicine in certain states of great debility, and adds: "Tea and coffee seem to be much alike in many respects, but the latter is greatly preferable as to its sustaining power. It would be a great advantage to our working classes and a great help toward the further development of social sobriety if coffee were to come into greatly increased use, and if the ability to make it was better to be acquired. As an example of the difference of effect of tea and coffee upon the nerves, the writer notes what he believes many sportsmen will confirm, that it is far better to drink coffee than tea when shooting. Tea, if strong or in any quantity, especially if the individual be not in very robust health, will induce a sort of nervousness which is very prejudicial to steady shooting. Under its influence one is apt to shoot too quickly, whereas coffee steadies the hand and gives quiet nerves."

WICKEDEST IN THE WORLD

Artena, in the Volcanic Mountains, Ranks Thus Among Cities.

4,000 INHABITANTS CLASSED AS CRIMINALS

An Investigation of an Italian Nursery of Assassins—Characteristics of a Letter Carrier Who Had a Rival.

Armed with a commission from the Italian government, and accompanied by other renowned students of criminology have turned their attention to the little city of Artena, in the Volcanic mountains, some forty miles, as the crow flies, from Rome. Lombroso will write a book on Artena.

This town of 4,000 inhabitants lives in history as the southern hatching-oven of Italy's bad boys. As long as four and a half centuries ago Corrado Celso said of its citizens: "No possible punishments can deter them from heaping up crime upon crime, for their perversity of mind is more fertile in inventing new offenses than the imagination of judges is in new punishments." And at the period mentioned new-fangled ideas for executing and torturing criminals were almost as plentiful as such relating to bicycles are today.

Either for patriotic or geographical reasons, or both, Artena has never figured in the criminology literature of the present period, which has branched other places in Italy of no less delinquency, but now an overhauling of records, ancient and contemporary, by the well known authorities on medical jurisprudence is promised and we will soon know all about this romantic spot, where assassins grow wild, where fair-browed mothers educate their children in the noble art of cutting throats and where revenge is the prayer on the lips of young and old.

Meanwhile your correspondent has done a little investigating on his own hook. To begin with he ascertained that while the crime of murders—and this does not include homicides or mere manslaughter—in the schools of Italy is on a ratio of thirty to every other, while in the United States it is only nearly 2 per cent of the men, women and children buried in the mountain cemeteries of Artena year by year die by violence. And let the reader remember here that the Italian national murder crop is the largest in the civilized world, being four and a half times larger, for instance, than that of Great Britain, which is not reckoned among the greatest nations.

Not on the Map.

When I asked at the railway station here for a ticket to Artena I was told that no such place was on the route, and the map corroborated that statement. However, I insisted that this town had been a reality some 1,000 years ago, and under the name of the western main chief of the Agrippines and the Alban mountains, for five or six centuries or even more. Then a council of officials was called and one of them, who had formerly been in the service of the papal government, remembered that Artena was a new name for the old robber stronghold of Montefortino, which in the of the ancient Volscians, who gave the Roman republic so much trouble, is still flourishing.

"Artena," he continued, "has no railway station, for we could probably not find a station master who would trust himself in the mountainous region. The nearest station is at Volturnone on the Rome-Naples line via Delletri."

I found the town, which I reached on muleback, one of the most picturesquely situated in the kingdom. Artena crowns the summit of a mountain 1,200 feet high. Half way up, on a rocky castle, built like a fortress of the middle ages, are towers and a moat galore. It belongs to the Borghese, but no member of that princely family has set foot in it ever since shirts of chain mail and steel bonnets went out of fashion. In fact, they ceased taking personal interest in their property since their neighbors above acquired their first blunderbusses.

The town consists of a single street crawling up the mountains in zig-zag fashion. The houses are low and narrow in depth; behind the small back yards the rocks descend steeply, as if hewn off by a mighty scythe. The water runs down the face of the mountain, and the Roman Campagna, the Alban and Sabine mountains. The 4,000 citizens of this town are, according to the mayor's statements, among the best situated in Italy as far as means of subsistence are concerned. They have comfortable living conditions, and the poorest of them owning enough rich land in the valley to yield all they need, while the better-to-do families are among the heavy wheat sellers and speculators of the province. That actual want does not exist in Artena was not only demonstrated by the surprising fact that during my visit there was not a single beggar approached me, not even the children asked for centesimos.

Under these circumstances, to which may be added a particularly mild climate, one should imagine that the Artenians were a happy-go-lucky lot. Little, perhaps, but certainly unwilling to habitualize the path of the transgressor. Such a surmise would completely coincide with the writings of the Lombrosos, Morrissons, Ferris and others, who insist that the majority of criminals are bred under anomalous social conditions. Moreover, it would concur with the latest year book of the New York state reformatory, which says that 83 per cent of criminals in New York came from homes which were positively bad—that is, where want and abject poverty reigned, besides crime, while only 17 per cent came from homes that were positively good.

Crime Flourishes.

So much for pathological theories. As a matter of every day practice, crime flourishes in Artena as if the town were an immense bazaar, and its 4,000 inhabitants so many graduates from the galleys, set free on a lone island to massacre and rob each other at will.

As already stated 2 per cent of all deaths in Artena are the outcome of murder; direct; persons dying of wounds received in assaults, or by the action of incendiaries, are not included in the list. Thefts, street robbery, burglary and assaults with stiletto or revolver are matters of such ordinary occurrence in the town and in the valley belonging to the people that to investigate them all, according to the mayor of the city, the number of police officials and judges would have to be increased out of all proportions to the total number of inhabitants. The authorities, continued this official, take notice only of the most atrocious crimes brought to their notice by the press of the capital, or when non-resident suffer.

This complacent official is the eleventh successor of a mayor mysteriously murdered in Artena in the beginning of 1879. All these mayors were elected for a period of ten years, and died under the hands of assassins, two of them in broad daylight and on the open market place. The rest received such wounds as to cripple them for life and make them leave their posts in haste. The present incumbent of the office aspires to the distinction of outliving his term, and to that end goes about his business with ears securely plugged and eyes shut. As a piece of general information he told me that "the number of crimes against life and property brought to official recognition in Artena is fifteen times greater, relatively to the number of in-

habitants, than in any other place or district of Italy." Mark the words, "official recognition!"

Everything tends to show that almost the entire population of this mountain town is imbued with criminal propensities. There is no case of leading an Ardenian, who may have strayed from his or her environment, into crime by suggestion. All of them seem to be possessed of an irresistible passion for cruelty—especially that wishes its victim to feel the bitterness of death. The men and women of Artena are even wanting in paternal and maternal affection. Vengeance is of their daily prayer and in deliberateness of criminal purpose they have no equals on the face of Europe, save perhaps in some parts dominated by "the unspeakable Turk."

Families Wiped Out.

Since the old name of Montefortino was erased from the map after the fall of Rome and the end of the papal government in 1870, three entire families, some of the oldest in the city, have been completely wiped out—grandparents, parents, brothers and sisters, cousins and nieces, nephews and uncles and aunts—the Scarenzes, the Dabos and the Rullis. Neighbor throws himself upon his neighbors in the fields, on the street, or in his or her cottage, the best of them are provided with means of fortification and many trap doors. Victims of hatred or the prizes of robbery are killed, maimed, or tortured. A house goes up in flames and half a dozen children with it. Who cares? Next door to a friend of the murdered family shoots down the perpetrator and perpetrators wherever he finds or tracks them.

The authorities are powerless, for no citizen of Artena will bear witness against another. "Vengeance is mine," says the mountain "hero" or "heroine," and no matter how convincing the proof furnished, his or her blood is never shed. I attended a session of the assizes in Artena early in the year. The whole town knew that young Ottavio saw his father murdered by Jégado. Did he hear out the public prosecutor? Not a word could that official draw from his sealed lips. His sisters, his mother who had been likewise direct or direct witnesses to the deed, were equally silent. When I returned to Rome I read in the Tribuna a dispatch saying that Jégado's house was broken into night before last and that the murderer and his family of three small children were bound to the bed, drenched with kerosene, and slowly but surely suffocated—perpetrators unknown," of course.

Murder is avenged by murder in Artena, as was done for centuries past in Montefortino, and whoever testifies against a red-handed second-rate takes his life in his hands. Hatred, jealousy and petty squabbles tend to murders, for the citizen of Artena is unstable, excessively vain, morbidly irritable and loves revenge above all things.

After 1870 the new government resolved to break up the time-honored robbers' nests, and Montefortino in particular was given a strong judicial administration; schools were erected and the greatest severity was exercised in carrying out the laws and enforcing respect for them.

As a consequence a few hundred of the inhabitants had to be taken charge of at once and shipped to the county seat, where they were crowded into every twelve cage having been built for every twelve prisoners. Whole families were then deported, but crime did not diminish in the least. The new city of Artena soon had as bad a name as the Montefortino of old.

Signal for a Tragedy.

Just before Pietro Acciarito heaped new criminal renown upon his native city by attempting the life of King Umberto in Rome, the king was foully murdered in Artena, and though many are undoubtedly in the secret of his taking off, it is impossible to gain one particle of evidence assuring conviction. It happened in this way: About a year ago the letter carrier of the city was deposed and another, a younger man, sent from Rome to take his place. The wife of the former, a fine-looking woman, went about the city bewailing his misfortune and offering proof that her husband had been unlawfully dismissed. Finally she gave out that she had taken a vow to the Holy Virgin to wear a black dress in the Easter processions, which meant certain death to the new letter carrier. Of course the people of Artena saw the point of this talk and when the young woman thus appeared on April 15 among 200 others clad in white, singing and praying on the procession behind the cross, nobody in town doubted that the government would soon have to send a second postman to that district.

The blasphemous woman not only wore the unconventional dress, but instead of the candle and flowers, carried an unlighted torch in her hand, and with a whip. On the following Monday, April 18, the letter carrier was found dead in the road leading from Volturnone to the mountain town. He had been shot through the head and a dagger stuck in his heart. All the money and valuable letters he carried were gone. The only surprise was as to the murderer or murderers and these any that there was man was shot down by Maria's lover, and that she, to make death sure, or following an impulse of cruelty, plunged the knife into him.

The government stands aghast before the enormity of what to do with this town of criminals. On March 7, 1887, Pope Paul IV issued an edict ordering the city of Montefortino to be razed to the ground. The command was only half carried out. Troops drove the citizens from their strongholds into the forests and camped on the vicinities, and after many a hot battle. But two years later the new pontiff, Pius IV, allowed the citizens to return, and since then no such summary form of reform has been attempted, although it is generally conceded to be the only one that might be of lasting benefit.

PAT'S PARTING SHOT.

Salute to a General Whose Wife Commanded the Home Field.

Two visitors at Camp Black had saluted a general and passed on, relates the New York Sun, when one chuckled and said: "You've got a cut of me, but I can't remember of an incident that occurred on the veranda of a retired general's house where I was a visitor. He had just been retired. He had been a brave soldier and his achievement was due to merit. But his excellent wife had the reputation of commanding the home field. Her word was law. "A quick-witted son of the old sod had been employed about the place as general utility man. He had the usual weakness, which caused him to be forgetful, and on the day I was there he had received his discharge from the wife for overindulgence. There was an agreeable party on the veranda as Pat passed with his bundle on his shoulder. He halted immediately in front of the general and saluted him, and then he said in the hearing of the general's company: "Good-by, sor, I can leave, sor. Ye can't."

A delicate lunch. A bottle of Cook's Imperial Champagne and a dozen raw, and a good cigar for a wind-up.

Resources of Journalism.

Chicago Journal: The voice of the foreman was heard through the speaking tube. "Sas! We've lost that cut of Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, and it's time to go to press! What are we going to do?" "You've got a cut of Fighting Joe Wheeler, haven't you?" said the night editor in response. "Well, run that in instead. Nobody'll know the difference. What's the use of bothering me about such a thing as that?"



STATE ELECTRO-MEDICAL INSTITUTE COMBINED TREATMENT OF THE GREAT CURATIVE POWERS OF MEDICINE AND ELECTRICITY. Permanently Located in Omaha, Neb. 1308 FARNAM ST. We give references from the best Banks, Business Men and Merchants in the City.

WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL

Remember the wonderfully successful treatment of this Institute combines the two greatest factors of the healing art known to the medical profession—ELECTRICITY and MEDICINE. It is the largest, most thoroughly and completely equipped Institute, both electrically and medically, ever established in the West for the treatment and absolute cure of all nervous, chronic and private diseases of MEN and WOMEN. Honorable and fair dealing accorded to all.

The Doctors of This Institute Can Cure You.



Specialists for Diseases of Men. Specialists for Diseases of Women.

The great electrical and medical specialists of this Institute are far the best, most successful and scientific the world has ever known, all of whom are graduates of the best medical colleges in the world, each having had long and successful practice in his specialty, and are achieving results in curing the sick and suffering by their combined Electro-Medical treatment, which would be impossible to secure by either electrical or medical treatment alone. The State Electro-Medical Institute is the ONLY PLACE where you can obtain the benefits of this successful treatment under the most skillful and learned specialists. BE ASSURED that if any power on earth can cure you these Doctors can. They have effected complete and permanent cures after all others have failed. Some doctors fail because of treating the wrong disease, others from not knowing the right treatment.

NO MISTAKES HERE AND NO FAILURES.

A perfect cure guaranteed in all cases accepted. Our special combined Electro-Medical Treatment for Nervous Debility, Nervous Pains, YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN. Lost Manhood. The awful effects of indiscretions in youth, self-abuse or excesses in after life and the effects of neglected or improperly treated gonorrhea, producing lack of vitality, sexual weakness, undeveloped or shrunken organs, pain in back, joints and kidneys, chest pains, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness of body and brain, dizziness, falling memory, lack of energy and confidence, despondency, evil forebodings, timidity and all premature decay, insanity and death.

Among the Many Diseases and Troubles in which the State Electro-Medical Institute

GUARANTEES A PERFECT CURE

- ARE THE FOLLOWING: KIDNEYS Inflammation of the kidneys, Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh, retention of the kidneys, uraemia, gravel, stone. STOMACH Catarrh, ulceration and dyspepsia, nervousness, indigestion, pain and fullness after eating, heartburn, water-brash and difficulty in swallowing. BLOOD AND SKIN Diseases, a sore throat, scrofula, taints, tumors, tetter, eczema, salt rheum, ring worm, and acquired blood-poison, (syphilis), primary or secondary, thoroughly eradicated, leaving the system in a strong, pure and healthful condition. NERVOUS DEBILITY and all its attendant ailments of YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED AND OLD MEN. Lost Manhood—the awful effects of indiscretions in youth, self abuse or excesses in after life and the effects of neglected or improperly treated cases, producing lack of vitality, sexual weakness, undeveloped or shrunken organs; chest pains, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness of body and brain, dizziness, falling memory, lack of energy and confidence, despondency, evil forebodings, timidity and all other distressing symptoms. Such cases, if neglected, almost invariably lead to premature decay, insanity and death. VARICOCELE Hydrocele and all swellings of the sexual parts quickly relieved and completely cured. PRIVATE Diseases of every nature, syphilis, gonorrhoea, gleet, stricture, quickly and permanently cured; weak and shrunken parts restored to their natural vigor and functions. CATARRH All acute and chronic pharyngitis, enlarged tonsils and pain in the throat, loss of voice, thick phlegm in throat. HEAD Neuralgia, sick, nervous or congestive headache, dull, full feeling, loss of memory, dizziness, loss of the scalp. LUNGS Consumption in the first and second stages, hemorrhages and chronic bronchitis, dry and loose cough, pains in chest, difficulty in breathing, hepatization, asthma, etc. HEART Valvular diseases, weak and fatty heart, dropsy and rheumatism of the liver, etc. LIVER—SPLEEN All diseases of the liver, jaundice, gall-stone congestion and all organic and functional disorders and diseases of the bowels, diarrhoea, dysentery, inflammation and all nervous and reflex disorders, rheumatism. RUPTURE Without use of the knife or drugs, without detention from business.

DISEASES OF WOMEN.

The combined Electro-Medical Treatment of the State Electro-Medical Institute is especially effective in the cure of all female complaints, falling or displacement of the womb, inflammation or ulceration, bleeding, headache, neuralgia, hysteria, back-ache, hot flashes, nervousness, loss of appetite, and general weakness, discharges, bladder and kidney troubles.

Open daily from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays—10 to 1 p. m.

WRITE IF YOU CANNOT CALL—All Correspondence in Plain Envelopes, Confidential.

State Electro-Medical Institute,

1308 FARNAM STREET, OMAHA, NEB.

"SAY AYE 'NO' AND YE'LL NE'ER BE MARRIED, DON'T REFUSE ALL OUR ADVICE TO USE

SAPOLIO